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Vol. LXI

JUNE, 1942

No. 6

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Thomas E. Fitzpatrick '09

... fides et ingeni benigna vena est.

This year Latin School lost a master whose imprint on his students and his colleagues will be deep and lasting. Thomas E. Fitzpatrick taught mathematics in this school for fifteen years. He taught his subject faithfully and well.

But he taught, by his life and character, lessons more enduring and profound than the theorems of Euclid. He taught kindness and the patience from which it arises. He taught tolerance and understanding. Because he felt things deeply and saw them honestly, he believed in the integrity of his own position and he understood as well another's viewpoint.

He had that "integrity and kindly vein of talent" that to the Roman poet was the ennobling principle in man. He was a competent teacher and a loyal, cheerful friend. The formal lessons of his classroom were well taught and will last. But the teaching that will last the longest is that of which, in his modesty, he was unaware. He taught by the quiet example of a pure, upright, and lovable character.



DEDICATION

To

LIEUTENANT WILFRED LEO O'LEARY

U. S. Army,

AND TO

LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER THOMAS RUSTON PENNYPACKER

U. S. Navy

The REGISTER dedicates its last issue of Volume 61. Since they indirectly, by their efforts, regulate the length of their absence, let us say, "*Hurry home, the light yet burns in the window.*"





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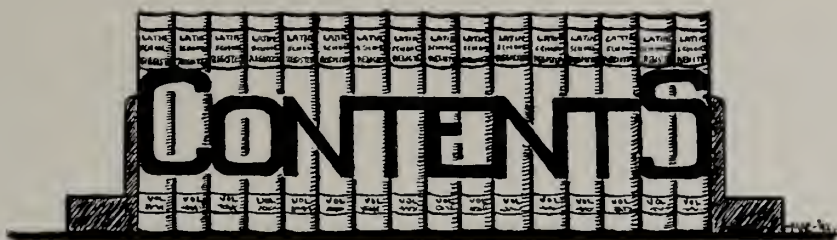
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SPY HUNT

"Well, Mary, that case is closed! However, that won't give me any rest. A policeman's job is never done—or so they tell me. I no sooner get through one case than another turns up. What a life!"

Detective James Daley's complaint was justifiable. After succeeding in closing a crooked gambling-house on Dudley Street, he was finally setting out on his well-earned vacation, when his rear tire blew out. A bullet which caused the puncture had led to his discovery of a kidnapping. A month of tedious search had traced the desperadoes and rescued the child. Almost immediately he was sent by the District Attorney's office to investigate a questionable political appointment, an inquiry which, after two months' careful snooping, had culminated in the impeachment, dismissal from office, and sentencing of the guilty official. As a result, he had had scarcely a moment of rest.

But he didn't complain. He had wanted this career, and had worked hard for its distinction and privileges. In fact, he was as contented with his work as any man could be. Yet this remark to his wife was typical. The paradox can be easily explained. James Daley was a clever man—a man endowed with more than ordinary common sense and knowledge. Therefore, understanding his wife completely, he knew that if he should show how much he enjoyed his work, she would immediately compare his happy and full existence with her empty, monotonous life. She would then become discontented and irritable. Thus a disgruntled front saved the super-sleuth much unhappiness.

"Yes, Jim; I know. You work terribly hard, you poor dear, and nobody appreciates you. You'd think that the sergeant would realize you need a rest. What does he think you are, a slave? But here, let me make you another cup of tea."

"Thank you, Mary. But just because I work hard doesn't give me the right to work you to death;"

"Mercy, no! That's all right! You deserve all I can give you, and more! I don't do half enough for you. . . . Here, your tea is ready."

"Thanks again. Hmm—another stick-up over in Roxbury. A man. . . . Mary! Did you see the paper? Why didn't you tell me about this? Here I've been wasting my time at home, while some



foreign agent is probably sneaking that new bomb idea out of the country! Where's my coat, my hat, my pipe? Is my gun loaded? Where's that extra bunch of cartridges? Come on I've got to get moving!"

"Yes, dear. Here's your hat and coat. Your bullets are on your dresser... The car is right out in front. Here are your keys. Be careful, now! Hurry home!"

"You know I'm always careful . . . I never spend any more time away from you than is necessary. Good-by, dear."

He threw his wife a kiss and flew out the door. Slamming his way into his Buick convertible, he jammed his foot on the gas and zoomed away in high. Without noticing his speedometer, he careened around corners. Past traffic cops, red lights, and blinkers, and through knots of pedestrians, who immediately scampered over sidewalks and gutters. The pursuing traffic cops arrived at the station just in time to see him dart through the front entrance. Before the Desk Sergeant, they were dismayed to see him giving orders and asking questions, listening only to what concerned his immediate purpose. In a moment he was back in his coupe and again roaring over the streets.

Leaving the city behind, he plowed his way through Jamaica Plain and Roslindale, and nearly ripped the tread from his tires in front of a little house in West Roxbury. Out of courtesy, he rang the bell. His strong shoulder forced an entrance, and he was soon in the kitchen, face to face with a middle-aged, unkempt, and very nervous man. The floor was strewn with cigarette butts.

"Jim! Jim Daley! Am I glad to see you! Maybe you'll believe me! Those idiots down at headquarters wouldn't even listen! I tell you, they care no more for anything that really matters. . . . Official idiots! . . . Bananas off fruit stands! . . . Tickets for speeding!

. . . Red lights! . . . That's all they think of! No brains, no patriotism, no interest, no . . ."

"All right, Harry! Calm down! Forget about our lousy police force! Let's get down to business. Nobody thought to tell me anything about your narrow escape. Had to read about it in the papers. If I hadn't recognized your description, I never would have found out about it at all. Went down to headquarters right away to check up, and then rushed out here to see you. Now what's it all about?"

"Well, Jim, I've been working on a new explosive. Nobody knew about it but you. Last night I got it perfected, and made a sample bomb a hundred times more efficient than any other. Today I put it, together with a complete set of the plans, in my brief case, and set out for the South Station, where I was going to get a train for Washington. I wore old clothes, so nobody would guess the value of my burden.

"I wanted to say good-by to my brother, so I got off at Dudley Street, and, as I was walking towards his house, two men came suddenly up from behind. I heard one of them shout something in German, and then the world turned black. When I woke up there was a crowd around me, and a couple of policemen were asking stupid questions. I looked for my brief case, but in vain. I immediately shouted that spies had attacked me. The cops stared at me, and burst out laughing. They finished writing up their report. I told them that all that was missing was my brief case, but when I tried to tell them what was in it, they just said, 'Yes, yes, we know! We'll tell Mr. Hoover!' and went away. I ran after them, but they wouldn't listen to me. Even at Headquarters nobody was interested. I called your home, but got no answer. I could do nothing but come here."

"Well, now what? Have you any idea who it could have been? How did anyone find out about the bomb?"

"You're the detective, not me! As far as I know, you're the only one who knew I was working on it. Even when I told the police, they wouldn't believe me. How could anyone else? . . ."

"Lord knows! But let's see. When did you start working on this invention?"

"Almost two years ago. At the laboratory where I work, I happened to mix a couple of chemicals, and it exploded. I'd never heard of those chemicals being used in explosives. My assistant, Harris, of course, knew about it at the time, but, as neither of us ever mentioned it again, I suppose he has forgotten."

"I don't know. You never can tell. You'd better give me his address. Was there anyone else who knew about your initial discovery?"

"Well, the noise startled everyone on the floor, and soon my bench was surrounded by a curious mob. As soon as they quieted down, I told them that I had left a batch of ordinary explosive powder too near where I was working, and a spark must have blown it up. As this sort of thing had happened once before. They accepted my explanation, and went back to work. That story was all right by the Super, too, so nothing more was ever said of it. Everyone forgot about it."

"That is, everyone but you."

"That's right. I became curious about the strange new reaction, and so I fitted myself out a laboratory in the cellar, and have been secretly working there ever since. I never dared tell anyone about it, for fear of something like this. But somehow it must have leaked out. Somebody not only knew that I was working on a new explosive and bomb, but was close enough to me to know just when it was finished, and just when I

left with it."

"How come you weren't at work today?"

"Yesterday I knew that the bomb was nearly done, so I told the Super that I had to go down to Washington, and he gave me a week's leave."

"Didn't he ask for any particulars, any definite reason for your trip to the Capital?"

"No, he seemed to take it for granted that it was an important secret mission. He told me that if I had to go, I might take a week for it, and leave the next day."

"Hmmm . . . What is the Super's name?"

"Let me see . . . Schleigen, I believe; Martin Schleigen. Why?"

"Just a hunch. Hmm . . . Now, where does he live?"

With this information in his possession, Jim Daley wasted no time in fond adieus. Cautioning his friend to keep out of sight, Daley bolted out of the house and into his car. The motor roared, the gears grated, the tires screeched, and he had covered the dozen or so streets between the home of Doctor Harold Quiggley and the West Roxbury residence of Martin Schleigen. But, in this short time, he had been busily planning just how he would handle this fellow. If his suspicions were true, he wouldn't be able to bluff any information out of the man, and it would take great tact to surprise him into some false move. On the other hand, if the man were entirely innocent, then he might still be able to supply helpful information; so Jim would have to be careful what he said. Coming to this conclusion, he ascended the half-dozen steps onto the front porch, dimly lighted by a small duty globe fastened to the ceiling. In response to the ringing of the bell, the door was opened by a tall, thick-set, square-jawed fellow, whose hair could be discovered to have

once been blond. He wore a heavy bathrobe over his pajamas, and he rubbed his eyes fiercely as he growlingly opened the door.

"Well, what do you want? What's the idea of waking me up in the middle of the night? Don't stand there like an idiot! Say something!"

Perhaps for the first time in his life Jim Daley resembled nothing but an idiot, as he stood there staring at this perfect specimen of elderly German manhood. But, still more amazing than his mere appearance, the man was no stranger to him! He knew him, and all too well! This man had been pulled in twice in raids on Nazi Bund meetings. He had at first been contemptuous of the police, who had to let him go with a warning on his first offense. But, after the month he spent in jail as a result of his second arrest, he had apparently lived up to his promise never to mix with Nazis again. This had been two years ago, and now that war had been openly declared, the Bund was supposedly broken up. The jail held hundreds of men whose names had been found on the Bund record books. As Martin Rose's name had been stricken from the record, they hadn't bothered to trace him. But this man *was* Martin Rose!

"Well, what do you want?"

"Let me in, and I'll explain."

"All right, come on." He led the way to the living-room, and the two men sat facing each other. Jim began to speak at once.

"Well, Mr. Schleigen," he said, calling him by his business name, for he had noticed that the man didn't recognize him; "I came to get some information about a man who works under you. It is very important to us; that is why I got you out of bed. Because of an unimportant robbery, the man came to our attention. We think that he is, if not

mad, at least obsessed. He insists that foreign spies are following him, and that he has an important secret, and that this was stolen. No one seems to know anything about him. He told us of no friends or relatives; so we came to his employer to check up on him. His name is Harold Quiggley, and what I want to know is this! Is the man trustworthy? Is he mentally balanced, or have you noticed anything queer about his actions?"

Without showing any emotion other than exasperation at being awakened at such a time and obviously desiring to get the interview over as quickly as possible, Martin Schleigen made answer. "Well, as for your first question, as far as I have seen, Dr. Quiggley is honest and trustworthy, and a good worker. He does his work quietly, quickly, and efficiently, and we never have had cause to complain. As for any obsession, I can't say that any has ever come to our notice. Just yesterday, he asked for leave to go to Washington on what he called an important mission connected with National Defense. I took him at his word, and gave him a week. I haven't heard from him since then, and had heard nothing about this special work before then. I took it for granted that it was a confidential matter, so didn't pry him for details."

"Well, all right. Now, has he ever been in a position of trust, of important trust, that is? Has he, for instance, ever been in possession of any vital and secret plans for formulas or anything?"

"As far as I know, no. As I said, yesterday was the first time he ever even intimated that he was of any importance to the Government."

Detective Daley hid any disappointment he might have felt and calmly went on. "Then the man must have only imagined that he carried vital plans, and that he was attacked by two Nazis, who

seized his . . ." He got no further than that. The room was suddenly plunged in darkness, whose inky blackness was broken only by two pistol flashes, but seconds apart. After a brief scuffle, all was quiet, and soon one could hear someone slowly making his way to the light switch. The room was again flooded with light, and on the floor, in a pool of his own blood, lay Martin (Rose) Schleigen, dead. Daley spent little time ascertaining this fact, but leaped out the broken window. As he ran to his car, he saw a figure in it. A shot was fired from it as it sped off down the road. Jim sank to the curb, cursing. The police siren roused him from his thoughts, and, as a pavement-pounder bandaged his arm, he used all his wits in trying to explain the situation. The cop finally was through questioning him (gross insult to his dignity, but he had to submit to it, if he wanted any coöperation from the bluecoat), and he left in the police-car.

Acting on a hunch, he went to the only address he remembered, that of the assistant, Harris. The house was dark, and receiving no answer at the door he jimmied a side-window, and looked around him inside. Seeing no one in the whole house, he went into the living-room and waited in the darkness. Soon he heard a car stop in front—he thanked his lucky star that he had left the police car two blocks away, hidden in a dark little alley—and a key grating in the lock. He stood tense behind the door, and, as a figure snapped on the light, he shouted, "Okay, git your hands up! You're under arrest for the assault of Dr. Harold Quiggley, and the murder of Martin Schleigen, to say nothing of spying, treason, and other subversive activities!"

"What? Why, you! . . . If you think you can scare me into . . . You can't prove a thing! . . . I'll sue you for false arrest! . . . I'll . . ."

"Yeah, and you'll burn! What's that bulging in your inside pocket? A gun? Very interesting! The muzzle is still warm. This has seen a good deal of active service, eh *Hans Schmidt* Harris?"

"What are you trying to do, copper? I ain't done nothing wrong. I've got a permit for this gun. I have to carry . . ."

"Yes, yes. I know. It's all very legal. But so will be your execution! You see, I saw you walking by Quiggley's house as I entered, and I saw you when you turned around to fire at me. I saw you with Rose those times we raided your Bund meetings. And I knew that you had heard about Quiggley's experiments! Only *you* could have suspected that he would continue his experiments on explosives, because only *you* knew he had *ever discovered the mixture*. Only *you*, besides Martin Schleigen, knew that he was going to Washington today! Oh, I've got you from every angle! You might as well confess!"

"Okay, copper! I guess you're right. You've got me from every angle—but *this!*" and with that, he kicked up Daley's gun hand and rushed out the door.

Daley cursed, rubbed his wounded arm, and ran out after him. He tripped on the porch, and, when he gained his feet, Harris was quietly held between two policemen. They had coöperated fully. The sergeant had phoned in the license number of Daley's car, and this had been radioed to every prowler car. These officers had seen it outside the house where Harris had left it. Just as they were about to enter, they had heard the shot when Daley's gun went off. They fell to the porch floor to avoid stray bullets. Harris had tripped over them, and Daley over him. But now all were on their feet, and they set out for Headquarters.

WM. R. VON BERGEN, '42



First cigars also put in their colorful appearance!



CHORAL ENSEMBLES WERE INCLUDED! (AND HOW!)



SOME THOUGHT THAT THE WAITER WAS "GUNGA DIN"

BLS HAD A BANQUET

BLS

'42

AS SEEN APRIL 30

O'CONNOR

SPRINGTIME IN THE U. S. A.

Happiness is a strange thing! So is love! They have much in common, and it is difficult to have one without the other. Incidentally they both come to young men in the spring. Spring—leaves budding on the trees; robins singing in their nests and carrying choice morsels to their young; squirrels chirping and playing in the branches above—no wonder a young man's fancy turns to love.

* * *

Tom sat back and closed his eyes. The subway ride from Times Square to Flatbush takes a little less than an hour, but if you have a girl like his Joan to think of, time passes quickly. Tom was wonderfully happy. The last time he'd seen her had been in February; and now it was May, Decoration Day. It's hard for a fellow who lives in Boston to go with a girl who lives in N. Y., especially if his job lets him get away only on holiday week-ends. She'd looked so pretty in February. They'd played together in the snow on her front lawn, building a snow man and playfully throwing snow-balls at each other. She'd worn a bright plaid snow-suit, and a chance passer-by would have taken them for a couple of kids—in fact, that's just what they were—a couple of happy, playful kids.

But that was February—now it was May! Then Tom was working for his dad in the grocery store at \$18 a week; now he had a job at the Navy Yard at almost four times that. Then he thought

of his future in terms of “when I grow up”; now he thought longingly of a home of his own, of a wife and children, of the happiness that comes with responsibility. The grocery store kept his folks very well; his older sister Mary was happily married and had a beautiful baby, John Jr.—after his dad. Yes, it was time for Tim to spread his wings and make his place in the world.

Tom's thoughts jumped to a course he'd often followed in the last few weeks. Most people in love plan; Tom was no exception. He thought of his home, his and Joan's; he thought of his career and the hard times that might lie ahead, but he had the confidence of youth to surmount any obstacle placed in his path; he thought of children, a boy, a girl, maybe two boys; he thought of going through life and of growing old with Joan, and he was indescribably happy.

* * *

Happiness! Love! Responsibility! Yes, but that's just half of it. Those “hard-times” look much harder when you get up close to them! But no matter how bad things may look and how discouraged people may get, when they're in love, they always find a way. Let us give the countless Toms and Joans back to the ages and let us resolve that forever men and women in America shall have the right to Love, Happiness, and Responsibility.

MENDEL M. LEVINSON, '43

PEP TALK

It all started in Kalamazoo, Michigan. The home team wasn't doing so well, and this was their last game. The opposition was the rival team Oshkosh, that hadn't lost a game all season. Oshkosh was hot and all steamed for their traditional

game. On the other hand, Kalamazoo, the home team, didn't seem to have a chance. Thus, it looked as if the game was a sure thing, a set up.

Like most coaches, Morrison, the Kalamazoo mentor, decided, instead of giv-

ing his pep talk to all the boys, he would take aside the second and third teams and shoot the works. I happened to be a reporter covering the game. In accordance with men of my profession, I sneaked into the locker rooms looking for an angle.

I crept in beside the dusty old lockers, took out my writing pad, and started to write down, word for word, the speech that the coach gave. "Men, I want you to rush out on that field! I want you to grab your places on that bench. I want you to fight. Yes, I want you to fight for those places. Men, it's a cold day. Yes, I'm responsible for you. I want you to cover yourselves and keep warm. Yes, keep your legs covered. And when the players come off that field, I want

you to leap off that bench and give your own warm and comfy place to them. Now, men, go out there and fight. Give all you've got to go out there and fight for your places on that bench. Yes, I want you to play the game clean. Give, please give your place on that bench to the first team when they come trotting off that field."

The players couldn't get up; they were stunned by the dramatic speech. You could see that they were going to go out there and fight for their places on the bench. I put my pad away, rose on my creaking legs, and staggered out of the room. Who won the game? I don't know; I didn't stop to see the game. I rushed over to my desk to write this story for you. RONALD L. THAW, '43.

DERBY SELECTION

April 15, 1942

Horse-racing is the most wonderful sport I know of. In fact, it is so wonderful I often wonder why it is restricted to horses. I ask you, can you think of anything more beautiful—with the possible exception of Veronica Lake—than one of those sleek thoroughbreds tearing down the home stretch to win by a nose? I ask you, now, can you? And you have to remember, Veronica will not pay you six twenty to place, although she does not do so bad for show, at that.

Of course, don't get me wrong now. I think horses and horse-racing are wonderful, as I have stated above; but when it comes to gambling on them, you can count this story-teller out, positively, as I believe gambling is a most horrible vice, indeed—and especially when you lose.

About one year or so ago I am walking down Biscayne Boulevard in Miami when who should give me a big hello but Blintsez Benny, whom I do not see

since Challedon wins the Preakness and I have a sawbuck on Johnstown, which is just about the time I come to the conclusion that gambling is a horrible vice. The reason that Benny is called Blintsez is because he is very fond of the same and is almost never without some, blintsez being a Yiddish dish which is made from fried dough rapped around cheese, and which you should by no means eat later than three hours after they are made unless your father happens to be an undertaker and you want to drum up a little business for him.

Well, this Blintsez Benny is a very small guy, about sixty years old, and he has been a horse-trainer ever since he or anybody else can remember. As a matter of fact, Benny is not actually a horse-trainer; he is only an assistant horse-trainer. To tell the truth, all he really does is sweep out the horses' stalls; but don't get any wrong impressions; what Benny knows about horses and horse-training is plenty, and even more so.

Benny is another fellow who does not like gambling on horses; in fact, he hates it. Benny says gambling is the reason that a stigma has become attached to horse-racing, when in reality it is a very clean sport, to be sure, run by very reputable people like the Vanderbilts and Astors, who deplore all forms of gambling, with the exception, of course, of the stock market, which really is not gambling, anyway, as the Vanderbilts and Astors never have any chance of losing.

Ever since I know Benny, which is since I am a very young guy, indeed, he is always telling every one that some day he is going to find a horse that will be the greatest horse in the world, a horse that will win the Kentucky Derby, a horse that will make Man-O'-War look like a rowboat. But somehow Benny never finds this horse.

It becomes almost an obsession with him. Every time some thoroughbred mama horse has some thoroughbred baby horse by some thoroughbred papa horse, if Benny is anywhere in the vicinity, he comes and looks over the thoroughbred baby horse to see whether it can be this great race horse he is always saying he will find. But it never is.

I see him pass by Stagehand and Chaledon and Bimilech and Whirlaway. He just says, "These are very good colts, but they are not the horse I am looking for. My horse will run rings around these horses. Just you wait; some day I am going to find this horse, some day I am." But he never does.

Well, Blintsez Benny gives me a hello, and I give him a hello right back, and I ask him how he has been doing, and you should have seen him. He clasps his hands together, then he unclasps them, then he grabs me by the shoulders, and he says, laconically, "I find him. I find him. I find my horse which I am looking for all my life."

"Why this is wonderful," I say. "This is wonderful, indeed. Where do you find him?"

"I find him," Benny answers, "in Warren Wright's stables, and he is as thoroughbred as they come. He is a two-year-old, and he is the most wonderful horse I ever see, and his name is Sun Again."

"Why, I hear of that horse," I say, "but he is not such a wonderful horse. Does not Alsab run rings around him all the time?"

Benny is nearly heartbroken at my words, and he looks at me ruefully and says, "That Alsab! That Alsab is just a bum. A milk horse. They ought to send him to the glue factory. My Sun Again can run rings around Alsab. Alsab is just a two-bit bum."

And after I ask him how Alsab happens to beat Sun Again if Alsab is just a two-bit bum, Benny gives me a whole bunch of excuses; how Sun Again was wondering how the European war was going or whether the Yanks would beat the Dodgers in the World's Series or else he was so sored up at the Japs at Pearl Harbor that he did not keep his mind on running the race he was in, and that is why Alsab beats him sometimes.

Well, when he tells me that Sun Again wonders about wars and World Series and Japanese attacks, I am surprised quite some, and I ask Benny how he knows all these things Sun Again is thinking about, and I say that it would be impossible to know these things unless Sun Again told him, which is, of course, absurd, and even foolish.

Benny looks at me again and says calmly, "That is just it. Sun Again *does* tell me. Sun Again can talk."

"My, my, Benny," I say, "that California Chamber of Commerce certainly lies through its teeth when it says that there is no sunshine in Florida. Why it

is so hot here, for a minute I imagine I hear you say Sun Again can talk."

"But I *do* say Sun Again can talk," Benny answers. "He *can*."

As a matter of fact, there had been many people whom I know who used to tell me Benny is crazy, but I never believe them. In fact, I used to stick up for Benny and say that he was as sane as *they* were, although that wasn't sticking up for him too much, at that, and all this talk suddenly came back to me when I hear Benny say that Sun Again, a horse, can talk.

"Come along, Benny," I say. "let us go and have a drink for old time's sake, and maybe you will feel better then. It is really a very warm day."

"I know you must think I am crazy," Benny answers, "when I tell you I have a talking horse; but I am not crazy. Sun Again really can talk. I am so overjoyed at finding this horse I am looking for all my life, that since he is just a baby, I talk to him. Night and day I talk to him; so that, instead of learning horse language, he learns English. I do not tell anybody that he can talk because then they will make him a freak horse, and I want him to be a race horse and win the Kentucky Derby. You are the first one I tell he can talk."

Naturally I do not believe Benny. I am not such a dope as I seem when I am writing this stuff. I figure Benny is very old; and, well, when a person gets old, he sort of begins to imagine things, and so I figure Benny just imagines he hears this Sun Again talking, although it certainly is a hunk of imagining.

"I see you still do not believe me," Benny says. "All right, come down to the stables and see Sun Again yourself. I will introduce you."

So, having nothing to lose, I go with Benny to the stables, and he shows me Sun Again, and I will have to say Benny

is certainly right when he says Sun Again is a wonderful race-horse. I never see such a build in a horse. All muscle, sleek, shiny, a champion if ever there is one.

"This sure is a fine horse," I say. "I wonder now how Alsab or any other horse ever beats him."

"I tell you, before," Benny answers, "Sun Again is thinking about the foreign situation and is not keeping his mind on racing."

"Yes, yes," I say; "you tell me all that, and you say Sun Again tells you that. But Benny," I say, "you do not honestly expect me to believe that a horse can talk, do you?"

"It is lucky Sun Again is eating his hay and does not hear what you say, or he will feel very offended," Benny replies. Then he calls Sun Again to us and tells me to say hello to him, and so I say hello to Sun Again.

And then he tells Sun Again to say hello to me, *and Sun Again says hello to me.*

When I come to, Benny is standing over me with some smelling salts and saying, "Why, what is the matter? You fainted."

"Fainted?" I say. "Why, do not be foolish. Why should I faint?"

And Sun Again says, "Evidently you were surprised that I could talk."

When I come to a second time, I start to run from the stable; but Benny catches me and says, "There is no need of being frightened. Sun Again is really a very gentle horse, and he will not harm you in the least. Will you, Sun Again?"

And Sun Again says, "Of course, not. How can you possibly conceive such a ridiculous notion?"

Benny catches me again before I can get away and persuades me to stay a while, but every time Sun Again says something, I start to go crazy by inches. I get the idea that perhaps Benny learns

ventriloquism and that Sun Again really cannot talk, at all. But Benny goes outside, and Sun Again still continues talking, and I start to go crazy by yards.

I soon leave, but I come back the next day and then the next and the next; and I soon get accustomed to Sun Again's talking, and, in fact, I soon get to like Sun Again very much, and even extremely much.

And I find that when it comes to talking, Sun Again has a vocabulary that will knock your eye out. As the saying goes, Sun Again throws the dictionary at you, and you see every word in the book, although personally, I think it is a lousy saying, as the only time anybody ever throws a dictionary at me, all I see is stars.

And not only does Sun Again know English, but he knows math and history and economics. He says he picks these up from hearing college professors talking when they are at the track. Sun Again's favorite subject is economics, and I can easily see how he is thinking about the war situation when he is running a race.

"I do not believe that it will take us very long to take Japan out of the war," Sun Again says. "Despite the number of victories she has won, the United Nations possess too many resources for Japan to combat. Yes, this struggle with Japan, in my opinion, will soon be terminated, and with Japan on her knee."

Well, Sun Again and I become very friendly, and I must say, I certainly learn a lot of economics from him. At Hialeah he runs a few races, and some he wins and some he loses; but the only reason he loses is because he is wondering if Hitler will have enough men to win the war with Russia.

But one day, as I am walking to the stalls, Warren Wright sees me and says, "Hey, your friend Benny is pretty sick.

In fact, I think he is dying. He gets a heart attack a little while ago, and he is in Sun Again's stall with the doctor."

When I hear this news, I am, of course, greatly perturbed and I rush quickly over to Sun Again's stall and sure enough, there is Benny lying down on some hay with a croaker bending over him. The croaker soon come out and shakes his head, and I ask him how Benny is.

"I am afraid Benny is done for. He cannot live but a few minutes; he says he wants to be alone with Sun Again."

So I stay outside the stall, and I watch Sun Again crying, and moaning, "Oh, Benny, please do not die."

But Benny says, "I am sorry, Sun Again. I must go. I have been in this horse business all my life. I tell you how I am always looking for a horse that will be the greatest horse in the world and now I find you and how I know you are this horse."

"Yes," Sun Again says, "I know, I know."

"Well," Benny says, "I always hope to see this horse win the Kentucky Derby, but now I will not. Will you promise me, Sun Again, you will win the Derby for old Benny? Will you, Sun Again?"

And Sun Again answers, "Oh, Benny, I will win the Derby for you, I promise you I will. I know I can beat those other horses. It is only that I am thinking about the war situation that I lose those other races. This time I shall keep my mind on running the race, and I will win the Derby for you, Benny, I promise."

"Thank you, Sun Again," Benny replies. "Now I can die happy. Of course, I do not wish to ask too much from you, and I know you do not like it when it comes up mud, so I will only ask you to win the Derby if it is a clear day and the track is fast, or even good."

"Benny," Sun Again answers, "*I swear to you that if it is a clear day and the track is fast, or even good, nothing in the world can prevent me from winning the Derby.*"

"And Sun Again," Benny adds, "run rings around Alsab, will you?" And then Benny dies. And Sun Again is all broken up, and I am all broken up, too. But I go into the stall and try to console Sun Again, because he is more broken up than I, and Sun Again says, "*I will win the Derby. I know I can win, and I will win. I promise you.*"

And then Sun Again goes into his stall, and these are the last words in English Sun Again ever speaks as far as I know, because he is so broken up about Benny's death.

Well, next month is the Kentucky Derby, and you will soon be reading in the papers about so-called horse racing experts who will tell you they have secret information on who is going to win. They will say that they have it straight from the owner or straight from the jockey.

Well, *I* have it straight from the horse!

TED PRICE, '42.

TALE OF A POSSUM

(*With apologies to the late P. V. Maro.*)

The nox was lit by lux of luna,
And 'twas not most opportuna
To catch a possum or a coona,
For nix was scattered o'er the mundus.
A shallow nix et non profundus,
On sic a nox with canis unus,
Two boys went out to hunt for coonas.
The body of hic bonus canis
Was full as long as octo span is:
But brevior legs had canis never,
Quam had hic dog, bonus, clever.
Some use to say in stultum iocum
Quod a field was too small locum
For sic a dog to make a turnus
Circum self from stem to sternus.
Unus canis, duo puer
Numquam braver, numquam truer
Quam hoc trio umquam fuit,
If there was, I never knew it.
Hic bonus dog had one bad habit,
Amabat much to tree a rabbit,
Amabat plus to tree a rattus,
Amabat bene to chase a cattus,
On this nixy, moonlight night
This old canis did just right.
Numquam treed a hungry rattus
Numquam chased a starving cattus,
But cucurrit on intentus
On the track and on the scentus

Till he treed a possum strongum
In a hollow truncum longum
Loud he barked in horrid bellum
Seemed on terra venit hellum,
Quickly ran the duo puer
Mors of possum to secure.
Quam venerunt, one began
To chop away like quisque man,
Soon the ax went through the truncum
Fast he hit it per cher chunckum.
Combat thickens: on ye braves!
Canis, puer, bite and staves
As his powers non longius tarry
Possum potest non pugnare
On the nix his corpus lieth,
Down to Hades spirit flieth.
Joyful pueri, canis bonus
Think him dead as any stonus.
Ain't his body like a jelly?
Quid plus proof ought hunter velle?
Now they seek their pater's domo
Feeling proud as any homo,
Knowing certe they will blossom
Into heroes, when with possum
They arrive, narrabit story,
Plenus blood et plenior glory,
Pompey, David, Samson, Caesar,
Cyrus, Blackhawk, Shalmanezar!
Tell me where est now the gloria
Where the honors of Victoria.

Cum at domum narrant story
 Plenus sanguis, tragic, gory,
 Pater praiseth, likewise mater
 Wonders greatly younger frater.
 Possum leave they on the mundus
 Go themselves to sleep profundus
 Somniunt possum slain in battle,
 Strong as ursi, large as cattle.

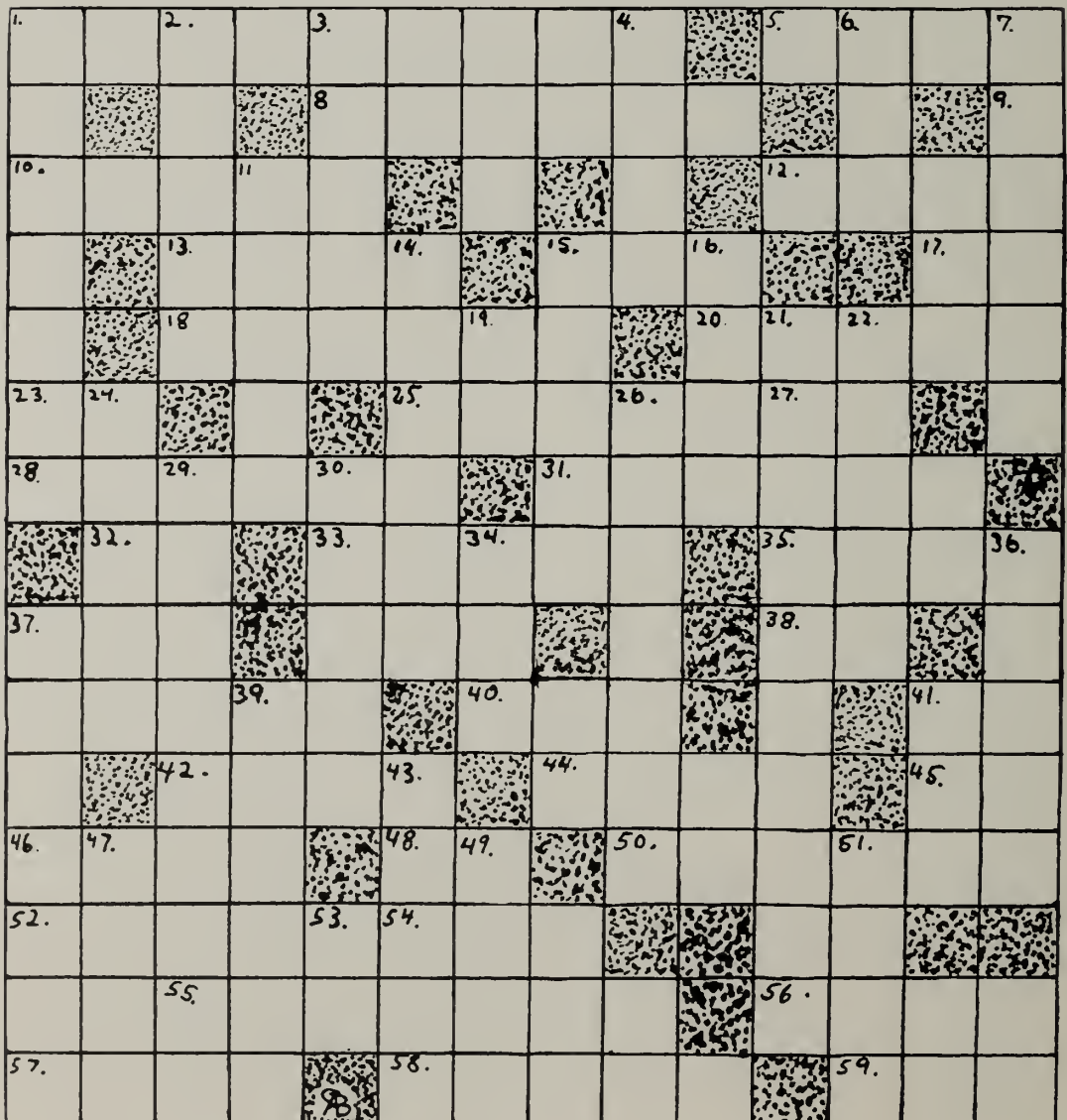
When nox gives way to lux of morning,
 Albam terram much adorning
 Up they jump to see the varmin'
 Of the which hic est the carmen.

Possum hic est resurrectum
 Leaving pueri most dejectum
 Possum relinquit track behind him
 Sed the puers never find him.
 Cruel possum! bestia vilest!
 How the puers tu beguilest!
 Puers think non plus of Caesar,
 Gone to gramen, Shalmanezar
 Take your laurels, cum the honor,
 Since ista possum is agoner.

from the *Boston Globe*.

Submitted by JOSEPH F. CREEDON, '44.

LATIN CROSSWORD PUZZLE



ACROSS

1. Uncle Sam says, "*I hurl back Japs*"
5. *Before* 1943, we will win
8. *The grain crop* is small
10. Roosevelt says, "We should *stand up*"
12. *The handle* fell
13. *I gave* for Defense Stamps
15. They used: ——— sunt
17. *Within* the hall
18. Churchill is a good *speaker*
20. *Gallic* woman
23. In order that
25. America says, "*I ascend* to the head of the world"
27. The marine said, "*I give* the Japs trouble"
28. Marble
31. Especially
32. Did you see *me*?
33. The marine is *rough*
35. Uncle Sam shows *anger*
37. *And not* cowardice
38. Save *lest* inflation come
40. *Fortifications* are important
41. Or
42. *Part of* the men ran
44. Three
45. That
46. That (of yours)
48. 3rd declension with plural ending
50. Hawaii is the *outer* gate of America
52. Twelve
55. We owe it *to skill*

57. French for "sit"

58. *I urge* you to be patriotic
59. *Protection* is necessary

DOWN

1. The *ram* was used against the ship
2. Hirohito will say, "*I surrender*"
3. *The wagon* was used
4. Much *cargo* was sent
6. No
7. *It flows* freely
11. The state of *events*
14. A second time
16. He gave it *to the fire*
19. The bone
21. *The servant* was bad
22. A French river called Ligeris in Latin
24. Yet
26. He wants this nation *to stand out*
29. He gave it *to the receiver*
30. I spring up
34. Two
36. *The table* broke
37. The *shining* sun
39. *It disgusts* me
41. Caelum (e)
43. With themselves
46. *The Ides* of March
47. *I get* nothing
49. *I allow* you to go
51. *I am mistaken* in my theory
53. And
54. With

MYRON H. GOVERMAN, '43

B. L. S. AT THE "Y"

Athletic students of Boston Latin School may be interested in the Latin School Club at the Huntington Avenue Y.M.C.A. We have been having basketball games with other teams at the Y. Athletic events of the year include track, handball, softball, etc. We go on frequent trips and camping expeditions. Meetings are held Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. On becoming a member of the Latin Club, you will have access to the various facilities of the Boys' Division such as the Swimming Pool, the Gym, and the Craft Shop. Any one interested in the activities of the club may see "Dan" Wesley, the leader of the club, or Mr. Johnson, the secretary of the Boys' Division at 312 Huntington Ave.

OUR MASTERS' VOICE

The following article is the second in a series, started last month, of contributions by masters of the school. This article and last month's, contributed by Dr. Marnell, were solicited by Maurice Liss, '44.

THE CLEARER FOCUS

I have been asked to write of my recent experiences in a year of world travel. While the recital of the many impressions that crowd my mind would be quite out of the question, perhaps the recounting of a few will give you some idea of the value of world travel.

A boy does not need to be an experienced photographer to know that to get a clear picture you must have correct focus. Now the greatest value of travel is to get the correct focus in viewing people in various parts of the globe. I visited twenty-four countries and in each of these found an entirely new type of individual. All of these you may find in America, but here it is quite different, for the process of Americanization has much changed these people of foreign nationality, the fifth column notwithstanding.

Take Japan, for example. On landing at Yokohama I had to show the books I had with me, the particular object being to discover whether any had a tinge of Communism in them. Wells' *Outline of History* was one held up. Can you imagine why? As we were being driven up from the wharf, Mrs. Taylor was alarmed to see people wearing black masks over their mouths. Was an epidemic rife? No, it simply was the idea of these people that the mask is a preventive from catching cold. When one of these dropped from a man's mouth, we saw him pick it up out of the mud and put it on again. As we were riding on the train (incidentally passing the foot of Fujiyama) I took an electric razor from my bag. This I wished to show to a Japanese gentleman with whom I had engaged in conversation and who had never seen such a device. Instantly a frightfully formidable officer rushed up, took me by the shoulder, and put me through a long and searching examination before releasing me.

Again, we were guests, one day, in a Japanese home, where a tea ceremony and flower arrangement were given in our honor. For simplicity of manners, courtesy, and genuine hospitality I have never seen any people who would surpass our host and hostess. On the same day I walked through Tokio's Ginza Street. Family after family crowded the avenue and I have never witnessed more solicitude of parents for their children.

One day we visited the Ginkakuji shrine and had as our guide a student at Doshisha College. A few days later the student asked if he might attend the Minamiza Theatre show with us. When we had been seated he gave me an outline of the play, which he had neatly written on rice paper. This is the beginning of his story: "A young composer Frants one day is walking in a public park where he meets a pretty girl with a bunch of bright blue flowers. He does not know her name but he become to be nuts about her. His earnest love is to have

him to make an excellent song which is called 'Blue Flower.' The next evening we were entertained by a Doshisha professor and I mentioned our having had this student guide. The professor said the young man was in his class and was known to be a Japanese spy.

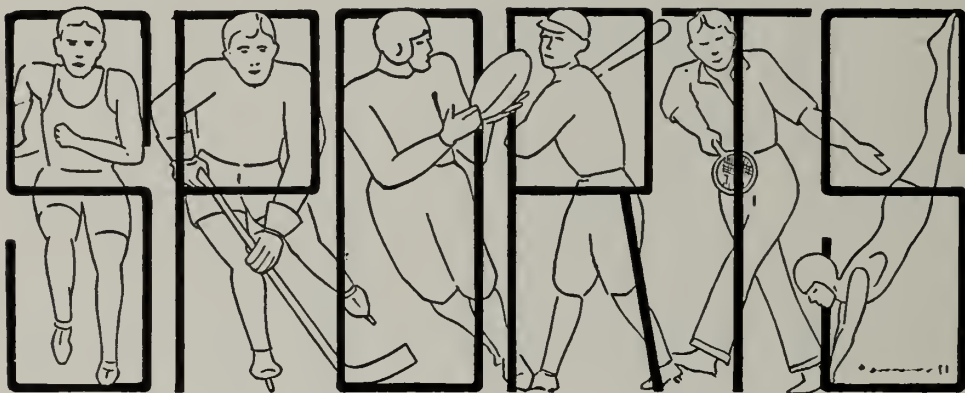
Now in the welter of war I feel as strongly as any other American toward the savage, brutal Japanese; yet I cannot get out of mind the many pictures of humble, genuinely courteous, and sincerely hospitable people we saw in Japan. And I feel that I have a better focus than I should have had, had I not gone there.

Now take it in Italy. Not a beggar on the streets of Rome and Naples. Everybody apparently busy and minding his own business. I wish you could have gone out, as we did, in Florence, on Ascension Day, at three in the morning to see the popular gatherings in Cascini. Almost every one, according to an ancient custom, carried a live cricket in a tiny wicker cage. There, in the enormous park, they gathered in families and innocently enjoyed themselves. Just outside the city of Rome is what once was the vast useless area called, as you well know, the Pontine Marshes. All is now irrigated and under cultivation, with families happily domiciliated in neat farmhouses. In the city we saw the over-elaborate and farcical demonstrations in welcoming Hitler as he came to confer with Mussolini. In St. Mark's Square, Venice, we were hustled aside, as the Fascisti paraded through the Plaza. Here again, we could do some adjusting of the focus.

We rode up through the Tyrolean Alps, through Yugoslavia, into Hungary, and stopped at Budapest. Here in one of the most beautiful Parliament buildings in the world I had a long talk with a man who recited the woes of his country and told how the people dreaded the fate they foresaw. But way out on the prairie, which is called the Puszta, we found as simple, homeloving people as one could find anywhere. The Sunday gathering on the common in Boldog was one of the most colorful and happily innocent gatherings I ever saw.

Then we went on to Austria and Vienna. Hitler had just taken over. No automobiles, no fine clothes, no happy countenances here. Thousands riding on bicycles, but most of the people walking. The famous Opera House produced Verdi's "Un Ballo in Maschera", but a funereal atmosphere was prevalent. One man told me the people had welcomed Hitler because in their innocence they had thought he would stabilize the government and overcome their economic distress. Just outside the city we drove up a mountain to Kahlenberg. The road was filled with hikers, all of whom had knapsacks on their backs. This was their Arcadian outing.

Now I have pictured some of our varying impressions in visiting our enemy countries. All of these are intended to show that despite the brutal savagery displayed by these countries in this terrible war, travelers such as we were could not fail to see that not all of the people are by nature of this cruel type. Many of them, misguided by their leaders, have succumbed. When we have won the war and a different leadership is established, I firmly believe we shall have little to fear from such of these people. This is not the time, whatever impressions we may have gained, to allow sentiment to swerve us from complete devotion to our war efforts. I still believe, however, that I had a better long-range view of these human beings for having been able to focus this view. C. RALPH TAYLOR.



BASEBALL

Latin-7; J. P.-1

The Latin School baseball team opened its season against Jamaica Plain at Jefferson field, April 23. "Bob" Slattery handcuffed the opposition, limiting them to five hits and chalking up seven strikeouts. The Purple and White got off to a fast start by putting over three runs in the first inning and adding another in the second, two in the sixth, and one in the ninth. "Albie" Gould was the hitting star of the day, gathering a triple and three singles in four trips to the plate. "Eddie" Lee was the fielding star of the day, making three sensational running catches.

The summary:

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Greeley	S.S. 4	0	4	0
Lee	C.F. 5	1	4	0
Sullivan	3B. 5	2	1	2
Brosnahan	2B. 5	1	1	1
Gould	L.F. 4	4	0	6
Casey	1B. 3	0	7	0
Murphy	R.F. 4	2	2	0
McEachern	C. 3	1	7	1
Slattery	P. 4	0	1	1
Total	37	11	27	5

Runs: Greeley, Sullivan, Brosnahan, Gould, Murphy (2), Slattery.

Base on balls: Off Slattery, 2.

Struck out: By Slattery, 7.

Opponents' hits: Off Slattery, 5.

Two-base hits: Brosnahan, McEachern.

Three-base hit: Gould.

Trade-6; Latin-2

One of the best Trade baseball teams of recent years was fortunate in making six hits count and turning back the Purple and White, 6-2, at Fens Stadium. "Lou" Tessier did a very good job on his first appearance on the mound for the Purple and White, allowing Trade six hits, only one of which was an extra-base blow. Trade collected three runs in the third and added three more in the sixth, while Latin scored both their runs in the eighth.

The summary:

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Greeley	S.S., C.F. 5	0	2	1
Lee	C.F., S.S. 4	1	3	2
Sullivan	3B. 5	2	3	0
Gould	L.F. 3	0	1	0
Murphy	2B. 3	2	4	1
Casey	1B. 1	0	4	0
Connolly	1B. 1	0	4	0
Collins	R.F. 4	1	0	0
McEachern	C. 4	0	3	2
Tessier	P. 3	0	0	3
Total	33	6	24	9

Runs: Sullivan, Murphy.

Base on balls: Off Tessier, 4.

Struck out: By Tessier, 2.
Opponents' hits: Off Tessier, 6.
Double play: Sullivan (unassisted).

Roslindale-6; Latin-5

A power-laden Roslindale team was forced to shoot the works in order to eke out a 6-5 victory over the Purple and White. "Bob" Slattery, who was unanimously elected captain of the team before the game, was the Latin pitcher. The hitting stars for the day were Paul Murphy and Jack Connolly, who hit successive triples in the sixth. "Bob" Slattery also aided the Purple cause with three safeties, while "Tom" Sullivan and "Dan" McEachern collected two hits. Going into Roslindale's half of the ninth, Latin was leading 5 to 4; but Roslindale managed to squeeze in a run to tie the score and then added the winning run the eleventh.

The summary:

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Collins	R.F. 4	0	4	0
Lee	S.S. 4	1	3	5
Sullivan	3B. 6	2	1	5
Gould	L.F. 5	1	1	0
Greeley	2B. 5	1	2	3
Murphy	C.F. 5	2	3	0
Casey	1B. 1	0	9	0
Connolly	1B. 3	1	5	1
McEachern	C. 5	2	4	1
Slattery	P. 4	3	0	0
Total	42	12	32	15

Runs: Collins, Lee, Murphy, Connolly, Casey.

Base on balls: Off Slattery, 5.

Struck out: By Slattery, 4.

Opponents' hits: Off Slattery, 8.

Three-base hits: Murphy, Connolly.

Latin-6; St. Mark's-1

On Saturday, May 2, the Purple and White travelled to Southboro and pounded out a 6-1 victory over St. Mark's. "Marty" Greeley was the Latin star who turned in a superb performance

on the mound, limiting the opposition to but three hits besides hitting two long triples and scoring two runs. The St. Mark's pitcher finally stopped "Eddie" Lee's shitting streak at fourteen consecutive games.

The summary:

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Collins	R.F. 4	1	1	0
Lee	C. 5	0	4	2
Sullivan	3B. 5	1	1	0
Brosnahan	2B. 4	1	2	0
Gould	L.F. 2	1	3	0
Murphy	C.F. 3	0	3	0
Connolly	1B. 4	1	10	0
Stockwell	S.S. 3	0	3	3
Greeley	P. 4	2	0	6
Total	34	6	27	11

Runs: Collins, Sullivan, Brosnahan, Connolly, Greeley (2).

Base on balls: Off Greeley, 1

Struck out: By Greeley, 4.

Opponents' hits: Off Greeley, 3.

Three-base hits: Greeley (2).

B.C.H.-6; Latin-5

In their first home game of the year at Draper Field, Latin went down to defeat at the hands of a championship B. C. H. team. Although the Eaglets collected 19 hits off the offerings of "Marty" Greeley, he was very effective in the clutch and retired the sides several times with two or three men stranded on the bases. "Tom" Sullivan and "Johnny" Brosnahan shared the hitting honors for the day. "Tom" collected a double and two singles, while "Johnny" pounded two triples, one of which tied the score in the ninth.

The summary:

	A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Collins	R.F., L.F. 6	2	3	0
Lee	S.S. 4	0	4	1
Sullivan	3B. 4	3	2	3
Brosnahan	2B. 6	2	3	3
Gould	L.F. 3	0	0	0
Slattery	R.F. 3	1	0	0

Murphy	C.F.	6	1	7	0
Connolly	1B.	4	1	7	0
Casey	1B.	1	0	3	0
McEachern	C.	4	1	7	2
Greeley	P.	4	0	0	1
Total		45	11	36	10

Double play: Sullivan to Brosnahan to Connolly

Runs: Collins, Sullivan (2), Brosnahan, McEachern.

Base on balls: By Greeley, 1.

Struck out: By Greeley, 7.

Hits: Off Greeley, 19 (twelve innings).

Two-base hits: Sullivan, Slattery.

Three-base hits: Brosnahan (2).

Latin-9; Lawrence Academy-7

A fighting Latin School team made history on Saturday, May 16, when they beat Lawrence Academy, 9 to 7. No other Latin School team has ever turned the trick. The team fought back from a 6-3 deficit to tie the game at 7-7 and score two runs in the tenth to win. Lawrence, which boasts victories over Harvard Frosh and English, was tamed by the courageous pitching of Captain "Bob" Slattery. Paul Murphy was the hitting star of the day, with four hits, which were good for four R.B.I.'s, other clutch hits were provided by "Tom"

Sullivan, "Johnnie" Brosnahan, and "Eddie" Lee. "Bud" Tessier, starting his first game in the outfield, scored four times and collected two hits in three times at bat. Three lightning double plays helped Basil over some rough spots.

The summary:

		A.B.	B.H.	P.O.	A.
Tessier	L.F.	3	2	0	0
Brosnahan	2B.	5	1	1	4
Murphy	C.F.	6	4	2	0
Lee	S.S.	5	2	2	2
Sullivan	3B.	4	1	1	2
Connolly	R.F.	3	0	2	0
Casey	1B.	5	2	8	0
Lenihan	C.	3	1	10	1
Slattery	P.	3	0	1	2
Total		37	13	27	11

Runs: Tessier (4), Murphy, Lenihan, Lee, Connolly, Sullivan.

Two-base hit: Brosnahan.

Three-base hit: Sullivan.

Double plays: Sullivan to Brosnahan, Slattery to Casey to Lenihan, Lee to Brosnahan to Casey.

Struck out: By Slattery, 9.

Opponents' hits: Off Slattery, 11.

ROBERT F. X. CASEY, '42

MILTON BRAVEMAN, '42

ALUMNI NOTES

The Boston Latin School Association held its semi-annual meeting on Wednesday evening, May 6, 1942. In accordance with the rules of the Association, elections for the new term were held. Daniel J. Lyne, '06, prominent Boston attorney, was re-elected president; and Samuel Silverman, '11, Corporation Counsel, was re-elected vice-president. Named to the standing committee for a three-year term were Robert M. Green, '98; William F. Looney, '15, and Dr. Charles J. Cataldo, '24. The Association

announces that all men who have been connected with the Boston Latin School as teachers or pupils may become members by paying one dollar to the treasurer. . . . Dr. William H. Marnell, '23, master of Latin and Greek is also an amateur playwright. At the recent Boston College class day exercises, Mr. Marnell directed a play of his own composition. . . . Several ex-Latinites are starring in college athletics and doing very well—Harvey Corman, '38, a member of the Phi Beta Kappa society, is star-

ring as goalie on the Tufts College lacrosse team. Irving Rudman, '41, the scholar-athlete, who helped Latin win eleven straight baseball games last year, is a first-string pitcher on the Harvard Frosh team. He won his first start against the Boston University freshman team, by handcuffing them with only a few scattered hits. . . . Arnold Katz, '38, who has been cited on the Dean's List several times at Brown University, recently took part in "The Three Bears", smash hit musical show produced by the Brown-brokers organization of Brown University and Pembroke College. A preview performance of this show was presented to the armed forces stationed in the Providence, R. I., area. Also at Brown University, Edward A. Shields, '37, was

one of 35 sophomores and juniors elected to membership in the famed Sphinx Club, founded in 1904 to stimulate fellowship between faculty and students at the college. . . . News has come from St. Francis College, Loretto, Pennsylvania, that Thomas R. Kiley, B.L.S., '36, has been ordained a priest of the Catholic Church in Altoona, Pa. Father Kiley entered Latin School as a special student in 1933, taking part in the Tercentenary Pageant in 1935, playing the part of Ezekiel Cheever. He earned his Bachelor of Arts degree at St. Francis College in 1939, and will receive a Master of Education degree this fall from the University of Pittsburgh.

HAROLD M. BAND, '43,

ISADORE E. MASON, '42.

ORGANIZATIONS

Maurice Young of Class III captured the individual championship in the Greater Boston Interscholastic Chess League this year. Young is president of the Chess and Checker Club, and will probably hold this office for two more years, thus becoming Latin's first three-term president. Another Latin boy, Victor Kimel of Class II, has been elected vice-president and secretary of the Interscholastic Chess League.

* * *

Dr. Marnell and the members of the Dramatic Club regret to announce that their scheduled production, "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court," has been cancelled. Loss of rehearsal time during the weeks of sugar and gas rationing registration is the reason for the unfortunate cancellation.

* * *

It was not until the day club pictures were taken that we realized one member of the faculty acts as adviser for three different school organizations. The industrious master is Mr. Finn, who super-

vises the Poetry Club, the Music Appreciation Club, and the Glee Club.

* * *

Harvey Meyers and Alan Prager have emerged as co-champions in the annual French pronunciation contests of Le Cercle Français. Prager is president of that organization.

* * *

James Foley of the Art Club reveals that the members of this group have undertaken a lengthy mural, depicting the history of Latin School. Despite the loss of valuable meeting time because of rearrangement of the school schedule, Mr. Brickley's charges have made a start on this worthy project.

* * *

Undoubtedly the "hit" of the Class Day assembly was the playing of the Latin School Orchestra, directed by Mr. Wagner. The unit demonstrated its versatility by presenting selections varying from a stirring patriotic medley to an operatic aria, and even Mr. Hickey, the Class Day speaker, commented on the

excellence of the musical organization. Norman Wilson, who with Edward Leonard performs as a duo team on the piano, was the featured piano soloist.

* * *

Delegates to the annual convention of the Massachusetts Safety Council were Edward M. Lee and Blaise Alfano of the Highway Safety Club. Incidentally, earlier in the year, it was Lee who had a perfect paper in the safety quiz conducted by the club.

* * *

Although the Rifle, Classical, and Junior History Clubs did not continue this year, there still remain seventeen extra-curricular organizations in the

school in addition to musical organizations, athletic teams, and a class in telegraphy conducted by Mr. Van Steenberg. The Poetry Appreciation Club is in its initial season.

* * *

Kevin McGovern (121) received first prize in the oratorical contest open to boys living in Roxbury conducted by the Norfolk House. The subject was restricted to events connected with April nineteenth. Thirteen contestants competed. McGovern also won the privilege of taking part in the City of Boston's observance of Patriot's Day.

RICHARD C. KOBRIN, '42

EXCHANGES

Soph: Were you ever bothered with athlete's foot?

Frosh: Yes, once when the captain of the football team caught me with his girl.

Their meeting was so sudden,
Their parting was so sad,
She gave her life up freely,
The only life she had.

'Neath the willow she is resting
Her life is ended now,
That's what always happens
When a freight train meets a cow.

* * *

On his first day at school Johnny sobbed bitterly. When asked why by a sympathetic teacher, Johnny said, "I don't like school. Mother says I've got to stay here till I am sixteen."

"Oh, don't let that worry you," said the teacher. "I've got to stay here till I'm sixty-five."

First Mosquito: Hooray!! Here comes a new arrival.

Second Mosquito: Good. Let's stick him for the drinks.

* * *

I have so much on my hands at present that I don't know what to do.

Why not try some soap and water?

He cried out as he slipped on the hardwood floor, "It's the finish."

* * *

A Bostonian was showing a visiting Englishman around. "This is Bunker Hill Monument, where Warren fell, you know."

The visitor surveyed the lofty shaft thoughtfully. "Nasty fall! Killed him, of course."

* * *

Father (upstairs): "It is time for that young man to go home."

Young Man: "Your father is a crank."

Father (overhearing): "When you don't have a self-starter, a crank comes in mighty handy."

BERNARD I. LEVINSON, '42

RAMBLINGS OF THE REGISTER'S RAVING REPORTER



APRIL 6: At a surprise assembly, Mr. Powers spoke on the new scholarships to Harvard.

APRIL 7: The Math Club met today. President Berman reminded the boys that pictures are to be taken soon and that a thing called money has to be paid before one's profile adorns the yearbook.

APRIL 9: Heard in history. *Mr. Godfrey, after answering the telephone:* "Is Paul Sullivan here?" *Mason:* "On the corridor, sir." *Mr. Godfrey, as Sullivan who had returned from the corridor, rose:* "Who said Sullivan went to Florida?"

APRIL 10: The Class Song, written by Vic Yellin, was unveiled today. The barbershop quartet in the back of the hall was put to work on the last bar.

APRIL 11: Ye R.R.R. paused to attempt the Scholastic Aptitude and Achievement Tests, which are censored College Boards.

APRIL 13: Dr. Marnell took to storytelling to give the Literary Club one of its most interesting meetings. His topic was "King Arthur". Members of the Dramatics Club know the reason for the choice of this topic.

APRIL 14: Ye R.R.R. attempted to pass the Modern Language Requirements at Harvard. We have adopted the motto used by Dr. Marnell in reference to his sight tests: "Don't worry if you flunk, for, just like the street-cars, there'll be another along shortly."

APRIL 15: The Poetry Club met today in re-verse.

APRIL 16: The Faculty meeting was a means to an end—the end being early dismissal.

APRIL 17: Class Day, and as impressive a one as we have seen. Credit is due to the Class Day Committee for securing Mr. Hickey of the W.P.B. as guest speaker.

APRIL 20-APRIL 26: The last vacation of the Seniors and the last time for ye R.R.R. to B-z-z-z.

APRIL 27: Quietly a teacher slipped away from his civilian life and was inducted into the army as a first lieutenant, leaving behind a simple yet beautiful sentence written on his board to his home-room. We wish the best of luck to Mr. O'Leary in his new position.

APRIL 28-29-30: Sugar rationing for commercial use means that we have no school.

MAY 1: Club pictures were taken. Moe Mindick has the distinction of being the only Class Ier to be in more than two pictures. Maybe it's his charm.

MAY 4-5-6-7: Sugar rationing for the family also means no school.

MAY 8: The first day of school in a very long time. We noticed that the Class IIers are acting haughtier than usual. This we discovered was the result of their swell Junior-Senior dance.

MAY 11: Report cards, the last we Seniors shall ever see from Latin School, were given out. To think that we have been looking forward to this day for years.

MAY 12-13-14: Gas rationing means the early dismissal of the school.

MAY 18: *Register* Deadline, the last one. We have tried during this year of strife to record a little of the humor and good-nature of the Latin School boys and teachers. If we have suc-

ceeded, we come from behind our veil of secrecy to receive your plaudits; if not, to receive a hail of assorted fruit, including raspberries. We wish to thank Mr. Marson for all his aid; and now the veil lifts, revealing

NORMAN R. SILBERG, '42.

“DI, TALEM TERRIS”

Once more June has rolled around, not too unexpectedly, and the sixty-first year of the REGISTER is completed. The year has seen many changes, both innovations and restorations, all prompted by the desire to silence such quips as that of the master who suggested for the REGISTER's motto: “Di, talem terris avertite pestem.” Our “humor” column has been abolished, old standard department illustrations, often of ten year's standing, have been replaced by better ones, the alumni issue has been restored. To our successors we leave the problem of the perennial idealized portrait of Gaynor O'Gorman, Jr. at the head of the column he founded a decade ago (which answers several questions about the R.R.R.). We wish to thank our well-wishers who have written us about our changes, especially Mr. Leon Otis Glover, Master Emeritus.

In the REGISTERITES we leave behind, we have unbounded faith. The Latin School publications will not deteriorate in their care. Thumbs up, and carry on! Valet!

A. S. B.

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